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sant journey back to Dublin—good morning, Sir!" And so my uncle lost his agency, but perhaps saved himself: at least he was out of the way of being tempted to join in those practices which brought Fitzgerald and his miscreant associates to the gallows."

Three eagles in the gardens now suggested some splendid stories, which we must reserve till our next visit: but we trust the Zoological Society will have made additions to their collection before we pay it.

Account of a Pestilence that raged in Ireland in the Year 1348, as given by John Clyn, a Franciscan Friar, of Kilkenny, in his Annals.

"THIS year, and chiefly in the months of September and October, great numbers of bishops and prelates, ecclesiastical and religious, peers and others, and in general people of both sexes, flocked together by troops, in pilgrimage to the water of Inchmoling, insomuch that many thousands of souls might be seen there together for many days; some came on the score of devotion, but the greatest part for fear of the pestilence which raged at that time with great violence. It first broke out near Dublin at Howth and Dalkey; it almost destroyed, and laid waste the cities of Dublin and Drogheda, insomuch that in Dublin alone, from the beginning of August to Christmas, fourteen thousand souls perished. This pestilence had its first beginning, as it is said, in the East, and passing through the Saracens and infidels, slew eight thousand legions of them. It seized the city of Avignon, where the Roman court then was, the January before it came among us, where the churches and cemeteries were not sufficient to receive the dead, and the pope ordered a new cemetery to be consecrated for depositing the bodies of those who died of the pestilence, insomuch that from the month of May to the translation of St. Thomas, fifty thousand bodies and upwards were buried in the same cemetery. This distemper prevailed in full force in Lent, for on the 6th day of March, eight Dominican friars died. Scarce a single person died in one house, but it commonly swept away husband, wife, children, and servants, all together." The author seems to have died of this plague, and to have had a foresight of his approaching fate; for he closes his annals in 1348, thus: "But I," says he, "friar John Clyn of the Franciscan order of the convent of Kilkenny, have in this book written the memorable things happening in my time of which I was either an eye witness, or learned them from the relation of such as were worthy of credit, and that these notable actions might not perish by time and vanish out of the memory of our successors, seeing the many evils that encompass us, and every symptom placed as it were under a malevolent influence expecting death among the dead until it comes, such things as I have heard delivered with veracity, and have strictly examined, I have reduced into writing; and lest the writing should perish with the writer, and the work fail with the workman, I leave behind me parchment for continuing it, if any man should have the good fortune to survive this calamity, or any one of the race of Adam should escape this pestilence, to continue what I have begun."

LEGENDS AND STORIES OF IRELAND.

We intend to present our readers regularly with whatever is gay and agreeable and interesting in Irish legendary lore, or mirthful and amusing in Irish stories. We cannot, therefore, better commence than by extracting from "Legends and Stories of Ireland," by our clever townsman, Mr. Lover. His little volume is already in a second edition, (indeed we believe it is nearly sold off,) and though many of our readers are doubtless well acquainted with it, we also know that many more have not been able to procure either a copy or a reading, and who, after lingering at the bookseller's window, and casting a longing look at Mr. Lover's capital pictorial illustrations, have been obliged to pass on with a sigh that they could not get a peep into "My New Pittay-a-tees," or get their flagon filled with some of "Corney's best." The first story, "King O'Toole and St. Kevin," has been given repeatedly to the public—but no matter—it is a good thing—and though we cannot accompany the story with that laughable *Cruikshank* elongation of countenance which his Majesty wears in the volume, yet—our readers can imagine it!

KING O'TOOLE AND ST. KEVIN,

A LEGEND OF GLENDALOUGH.

"By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep
Young St. Kevin stole to sleep.—Moore.

Who has not read of St. KEVIN, celebrated as he has been by Moore in the melodies of his native land, with whose wild and impassioned music he has so intimately entwined his name? Through him, in the beautiful ballad whence the epigraph of this story is quoted, the world already knows that the sky-lark, through the intervention of the saint, never startles the morning with its joyous note in the lonely valley of Glendalough. In the same ballad, the unhappy passion which the saint inspired, and the "unholy blue" eyes of Kathleen, and the melancholy fate of the heroine, by the saint's being "unused to the melting mood," are also celebrated; as well as the superstitious finale of the legend, in the spectral appearance of the love-lorn maiden.

"And her ghost was seen to glide
Gently o'er the fatal tide."

Thus has Moore given, within the limits of a ballad, the spirit of two legends of Glendalough, which otherwise the reader might have been put to the trouble of reaching after a more round-about fashion. But luckily for those coming after him, one legend he has left to be

"—touched by a hand more unworthy"—

and instead of a lyrical essence, the raw material in prose is offered, nearly *verbatim* as it was furnished to me by that celebrated guide and bore, Joe Irwin, who traces his descent in a direct line from the old Irish kings, and warns the public in general that "there's a power of them spalpeens sthrawain' about, 'sthrivin' to put their comether upon the qual'ty, [quality—the Irish gentry generally call the higher orders 'quality,'] and callin' themselves Irwin, (knowin', the thieves o' the world, how his name had gone far and near, as the rale guide,) for to deceive decent people; but never to b'lieve the likes—for it was only mulvatherin people they wor." For my part, I promised never to put faith in any but himself; and the old rogne's self-love being satisfied, we set out to explore the wonders of Glendalough. On arriving at a small ruin, situated on the south-eastern side of the lake, my guide assumed an air of importance, and led me into the ivy-covered remains, through a small square door-way, whose simple structure gave evidence of its early date; a lintel of stone lay across two upright supporters, after the fashion of such religious remains in Ireland.

"This, Sir," said my guide, putting himself into an attitude, "is the chapel of King O'Toole—av coorse y'iv often heard o' King O'Toole, your honor?"

"Never," said I.

"Musha, thin, do you tell me so?" said he, "I thought all the world far and near, heard o' King O'Toole—well, well!! but the darkness of mankind is untellible! Well, Sir, you must know, as you didn't hear it afore, that there was wonst a king, called King O'Toole, who was a fine ould king in the ould ancient times, long ago; and it was him that own'd the churches in the airly days."

"Surely," said I, "the churches were not in King O'Toole's time?"

"Oh, by no manes, yer honour—troth, it's yourself that's right enough there; but you know the place is called 'The Churches,' bekase they wor built *afther* by St. Kevin, and wint by the name o' the churches iver more; and therefore, av coorse, the place bein' so called, I say that the king own'd the churches—and why not Sir, seein' 'twas his birth-right, time out o' mind, beyant the flood? Well, the king you see was the right sort—he was the rale boy, and loved sport as he loved his life, and huntin' in partic'lar; and from the risin' o' the sun, up he got, and away he wint over the mountains beyant afther the deer: and the fine times them wor; for the deer was as plinty thin, aye throth, far plintyer than the sheep is now; and that's the way it was with the king, from the crow o' the cock to the song o' the redbreast."

"In this country, Sir," added he, speaking parenthetically in an under tone, "we think it unlooky to kill the redbreast, for the robin is God's own bird."

Then, elevating his voice to its former pitch he proceeded—

"Well, it was all mighty good, as long as the king had his health; but, you see, in coorse o' time, the king grew ould, by raison he was stiff in his limbs, and when he got stricken in years, his heart failed him, and he was lost intirely for want